

THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW!"

NO. 13.

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THE MOUNTAINEER

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[For the Mountaineer.]

LOVE.

BY JOHN S. DAVIS.

Love! thou art a precious jewel;
None can ever tell thy worth;
Offering of the great Jehovah,
Sent to bless mankind on earth.
Dwell forever in my bosom,
Fan thy kindling flame more bright;
I am happy, I am joyful,
When lit up by thy pure light.

Farewell, hatred; thou canst never
Steal the place of love in me,
While, sweet love, thy heavenly presence,
Keeps both mind and body free.
Blessed with love, I never fear me
With the world to go astray;
Filled with love, my God is near me,
And my foes are far away.

Love! O Love—my language fails me;
I can never sing thy worth;
I can only cry to Heaven
That more love may fill the earth.
God is love, and Him we worship
When true love dwells in the heart;
Soon we'll see love's grand reunion—
Love no more from man will part.
Nov. 5, 1859.

[For the Mountaineer.]

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

SUN it needs a noble minstrel,
Bard inspired of God, to sing,
All the "Music of the Future,"
Here on Time's untiring wing;
Filled with promise, tinged with glory,
Every hour its murmurs swell,
More than mortal tongue or language
Ever yet had skill to tell.

Yet the strain hath swept the ages,
E'en from Adam until now;
Prophet, poet, seer have hummed it,
Inspiration on their brow;
Isaiah, Jesus, Joseph, Brigham,
Burning lips, with living fire,
Breathed the notes (that angels hear),
On their earthly tranced lyre.

How I love to feel its magic,
Oft my spirit seems to swell,
As if once remembered numbers,
O'er me threw their mystic spell;
Music learnt at home with Father,
"In his royal courts on high,"
Echo from the past, reminding
Of a future by and by.

Bringing joy to every mourner
O'er the grave of those beloved,
Rich assurance; reunited
All the ties which time hath proved;
Freedom from each tyrant's thrall,
Bound by silken cords of love,
Based on perfect understanding
Of relationship above.

Peace a stranger to the nations,
In the years to come shall stand,
As a blooming unveiled vestal,
Recognized on every hand;
Holy angels shall us visit,
Shall our choice companions be,
In the radiant "good time coming,"
"God is man" the world shall see.

Truth enshrined in every cottage,
Round her altars there shall stand,
Morning, noon, and night to worship,
Myriads form her chosen band,
Her rich lyrics, songs, and anthems,
Shall our cradle music be;
One vast temple, one grand empire,
Consecrate from sea to sea.

Far from persecution's fagot,
Far from dungeon, rack, and mob,
Full deliverance (list ye nations);
None shall dare of rights to rob;
Truth shall rule, and all the evils
Which have shrouded earth in gloom;
Slavery, war, and all wrong doing,
Seek the darkness of the tomb;
Men shall set with each as brethren,
Friend be known on earth no more.

Women fill their exaltation,
As if souls of men they bore;
Family jars, and all contention,
Shall be swept from sea to sea;
Education for the millions,
As the air and water free!

Want in haggard cheek and sunken,
Never more shall greet the eye;
Bread for all, and rich abundance,
Blessings from our God on high;
Prostitution, shame, and sorrow,
Unknown then on life's great stage,
Only as a leathous picture
Found on this historic page!

Even life shall be extended,
Manly strength shall grace the land,
Through obedience to the mandate,
Writ by Heaven's creative hand.
Earth itself, subdued, shall flourish,
As celestial planets do;
Filled with freshness, perfume, beauty,
Father maketh "all things new."

Still by order all accomplished,
Priesthood moves the world along;
Music maketh all hearts gladness;
This the burden of their song:
Chords make harmony when blended;
Just so shall our anthems be,
Till in chorus all united
Shake the solid earth and sea.

"Music of the past," by millions
Who have gone behind the veil;
"Music of the present," hear it
Wafted on each passing gale;
"Music of the future," ringing
From the eternal worlds on high;
This the anthem Gods, and angels,
Men on every planet cry!

This the knell of all earth's discord,
All that caused each darkness scene,
Rays of light illumine creation;
From the throne behold it gleam:
Martyrs oft have marked that glory,
As they passed from earth away;
'Tis the earnest of the morning
Of a bright, eternal day!

Say, shall Saints be lured from greatness,
Lured by trifles round us here,
Or be recant to truth's message,
As it speaks from year to year?
No, we will not, can't believe it;
Hope's bright star points upward, on,
And the "Music of the Future"
Forms part of our daily song!

HARVEY W. NARRIS.
G. S. L. City, Nov. 13, 1859.

PARENTAL SYMPATHY.

PARENTS express too little sympathy for their children; the effect of this is lamentable.

"How your children love you! I would give the world to have my children so devoted to me!" said a mother to one who did not regard the time given to her children as so much capital wasted. Parents err fatally when they grudge the time necessary to children's amusement and instruction; for no investment brings so sure and rich returns.

The child's love is holy; and if the parent does not fix that love on himself, he deserves to lose it, and in after life, to bewail his poverty of heart.

The child's heart is full of love; and it must rush out toward somebody or something. If the parent is worthy of it, and possesses it, he is blessed, and the child is safe. When the child loves worthy persons, and receives their sympathy, he is less liable to be influenced by the undeserving; for in his soul are models of excellence with which he compares others.

Any parent can descend from his chilling dignity and freely answer the child's questions, talking familiarly and tenderly with him; and when the little one wishes help, the parent should come out of his abstraction and cheerfully help him. Then his mind will return to his speculations, elastic, and it will act with force. All parents can find a few minutes, occasionally, during the day, to read little stories to the children, and to illustrate the respective tendencies of good and bad feelings. They can talk to them about flowers, birds, trees, about angels, and about God.

They can show interest in their sports, determining the character of them. What is a surer way than this of binding the child to the heart of the parent? When you have made a friend of a child, you may congratulate yourself you have a friend for life.—[Life Illustrated.]

DEFENSE OF IRISH CHARACTER.

It has been said, too, (and when we were to be calumniated, what has not been said?) that Irishmen are neither fit for freedom or grateful for favors. In the first place, I deny that to be a favor which is a right; and in the next place, I utterly deny that a system of conciliation has ever been adopted with respect to Ireland. Try them, and, my life on it, they will be found grateful. I think I know my countrymen; they cannot help being grateful for a benefit; and there is no country on the earth where one would be conferred with more characteristic benevolence. They are, emphatically, the school-boys of the heart—a people of sympathy; their acts spring instinctively from their passions; by nature ardent, by instinct brave, by inheritance generous. The children of impulse, they cannot avoid their virtues; and to be other than noble, they must not only be unnatural but unnatural. Put my panegyric to the test. Enter the hovel of the Irish peasant. I do not say you will find the frugality of the Scotch, the comfort of the English, or the fantastic decorations of the French cottager; but I do say, within those wretched bazzars of mud and misery, you will find sensibility the most affecting, politeness the most natural, hospitality the most grateful, merit the most unconscious; their look is eloquence, their smile is love, their retort is wit, their remark is wisdom—not a wisdom borrowed from the dead, but that which nature herself has inspired them; an acute observance of the passing scene, and a deep insight into the motives of its agent. Try to deceive them, and see with what shrewdness they will detect; try to outwit them, and see with what humor they will elude; attack them with argument, and you will stand amazed at the strength of their expression, the rapidity of their ideas, and the energy of their gesture. In short, God seems to have formed our country like our people; he has thrown round the one its wild, magnificent, decorated rudeness, he has infused into the other the simplicity of genius and the seeds of virtue: he says audibly to us, "Give them cultivation."—[Phillips.]

FREE DISCUSSION.

IMPORTANT as I deem it to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing fashionable, make it necessary to be explicit on this point. The more I perceive a disposition to check the freedom of inquiry by extravagant and unconstitutional pretenses, the firmer shall be the tone in which I shall assert, and the freer the manner in which I shall exercise it.

It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a "home-bred right," a freeman's privilege. It hath ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, or walking on the earth. Belonging to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those, whose representative I am, shall find me to abandon. Aiming at all times to be temperate and courteous in its use, except when the right itself shall be questioned, I shall then carry it to its extent. I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to any arm that would move me from my ground.

This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house, and without this house, and in all places; in this time of peace, and in all times. Living, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defense of them.—[Webster.]

[For the Mountaineer.]

A RELIGIOUS DOG.

WHILE staying at the house of an Independent minister, in a country village, in old England, I witnessed a little dog, owned by his reverence, which caused not a little merriment to all around. The dog was in the habit of following his master to meeting, and when the minister occupied the pulpit, his dog never failed to occupy his master's seat underneath; and whenever the choir struck a tune, the dog always joined in, and would never stop his barking tones till he was well convinced that the choir had got through. On one occasion, the minister had taken a traveling preacher to stay with him over night, and, as was customary, after supper, the family assembled together for family worship. After reading a chapter of scripture, the minister requested each one to rehearse a portion of sacred writ, beginning with the eldest. As soon as the youngest child had got through with, "Remember Lot's wife," to our great surprise we saw the little dog standing on hind legs by his side, and, in all solemnity, took his turn to rehearse a portion of scripture in the unknown tongue of "Bow, wow, wow." &c. [Bursts of laughter, and prayer postponed.]
JOAN AB IAGO.

THE BOY AND THE BRICKS.

A BOY, hearing his father say, "Tis a poor rule that won't work both ways," said, "if father applies this rule in his work, I will test it in my play."
So, setting up a row of bricks three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, and so on throughout the whole row, until the bricks all lay prostrate.
"Well," said the boy, "each brick has knocked down the neighbor which stood next to itself; yet I only tipped one. Now I will raise one, and try if it will raise its neighbors. I will see if this rule works both ways."
He looked in vain to see them rise.
"Here, father," said the boy, "it is a poor rule that will not work both ways. They knock each other down, but are not disposed to help each other up."
"My son," said the father, "bricks and mankind are alike—made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up. When men fall they love company; but when they rise, they prefer to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate and below them."

"SUCCESS IN LIFE."

SUCCESS "material" prosperity, smartness, restless enterprise, are the qualities that most demand the admiration of the present age—at least in the Anglo-American part of the world. Not the man of virtue, the man of elegant tastes, the man of accomplished manners, the man of letters, or of learning, but the mere "man of business" is our "highest style of man." This is the standard of perfection set up before the eyes of our children as the highest object of ambition.
Now it is undoubtedly true that energy, industry and business habits are excellent things. Indeed, they are necessary to the perfection of character in any sphere of life. Some of them are Christian virtues. But they are not all that constitute the man. They have no right to absorb every other merit.

Still less is mere success a criterion of merit. The estimation in which it is held is a false, vulgar, infidel species of idolatry. It is one of the meanest and most ignoble characteristics of human nature. It is directly opposed to the spirit of Christianity. And yet it unquestionably pervades our habits of thought, speech, and action. In view of this fact, it is refreshing to read such a paragraph as the following, which we clip from an obscure corner of one of our exchanges. It is a gem worthy of a better setting than we can give it:

"I confess," writes the accomplished Hillard, "that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for those who do not succeed in life; as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that the celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes rises from superabundance of qualities in themselves good, from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, that die and make no sign; there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph."—[Alabama Planter.]

THE FASHIONABLE LIE—"NOT AT HOME."

"I NEVER," says a lady, "sent that message to the door but once, and for that once I shall never forgive myself. It was more than three years ago, and when I told my servant that morning to say 'Not at home' to whomsoever might call, except she knew it was some intimate friend, I felt my cheeks tingle, and the girl's look of surprise mortified me exceedingly. But she went about her duties, and I about mine, sometimes pleased that I had adopted a convenient fashion, by which I could secure more time to myself, sometimes painfully smitten with the reproaches of my conscience. Thus the day wore away, and when Mr. Lee came home he startled me with the news that a very dear and intimate friend was dead.

"It cannot be," was my reply, "for she exacted from me a solemn promise that I would alone sit by her dying pillow, as she had something of great importance to reveal to me"—here suddenly a horrible suspicion crossed my mind.

"She sent for you, but you were not at home," said Mr. Lee, innocently; then he continued, "I am sorry for Charles, her husband; he thinks her distress was much aggravated by your absence, from the fact that she called your name piteously. He would have sought for you, but your servant said she did not know where you had gone. I am sorry. You must have been out longer than usual, for Charles sent a servant over here three times."

"Never in all my life did I experience such loathing of myself, such utter humiliation. My servant had gone further than I in adding falsehood to falsehood, and I had placed it out of my power to reprove her by my own equivocation. I felt humbled to the very dust, and the next day I resolved, over the cold clay of my friend, that I would never again, under any circumstances, say 'Not at home!'"

RECIPES.

SPANISH CATCHUP.—Take one peck of green tomatoes, half a peck of cabbage, and quarter of a peck of onions, half a pint of green red pepper, all chopped fine, and mixed together; into which put one handful of salt, and pack it all down tight in a cask or a jar, with weight on it; then pour down on it two quarts of vinegar, and cover up, and it will be ready for use in three weeks.

TO PURIFY WATER.—Put into a hogshead of it a large table-spoonful of powdered alum, stir it, and in a few hours the impurities will be sent to the bottom. A pailful of four gallons may be purified by a single teaspoonful of alum. Freshly-burnt charcoal is also an excellent sweetener of water.

PROVERBS AND OLD SAYINGS.

HAPPY is he who knows his follies in his youth.
Every thing hath an end, and a pudding hath two.
Far-fetched and dear-bought is good for ladies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BALLOON BURN.—A few weeks since Professor Coe and Mr. Cottman of Rome, N. Y., made a balloon ascension from that place. On reaching a height of two miles, the balloon burst, formed a parachute, and they descended safely within 3 miles of their starting-point. This is the sixteenth instance of a balloon bursting, and in none has there been an accident.

A Southern paper tells a curious story about a child, the upper half of which is as black as coal, while the lower half is as white as any body's baby. The child is an Oppositionist, Black-Republican and Know-Nothingist mixed. Crittenden Seward would not be a bad name for it.—[Kentuck Age.]

Mrs. Callahan, an Irish woman in Chelsea, Mass., does the work for her family, is straight as an arrow, and aged 104 years.

The crew of the Great Eastern will consist of 60 able-bodied seamen, 93 seamen riggers, 300 engineers and firemen. Seward's staff, 100; making, with officers, about 500.

The fair at St. Louis lasted for seven days, and the receipts amounted to \$30,000, the attendance being beyond precedent. The display of articles was splendid and creditable in comparison with any elsewhere.

The New York Sun has now in process of construction a printing press which will print both sides of the paper at the same time, feed itself, and accomplish the work with the same rapidity that one side of a paper is now printed on the fastest press.

The English system of franking, in use since January 10, 1840, provides that each public department shall pay the postage upon every letter and document it sends out. Even the Queen's privilege of franking was abolished, by her own consent, in 1840.

The people of St. Lawrence co., N. B., are troubled with Gipsies. One band consists of three men, three women, and sixteen children. On searching their property, a bag containing several thousand dollars in gold was found, and another bag containing a large amount of silver and a large roll of bills.

We have the authority of a respectable exchange for saying that a very pretty girl recently attended a ball in one of the Western States attired in short dress and pants. The other ladies were scandalized! She quietly announced to those who were most late in their expressions of dissatisfaction, that, if they would pull up their dresses about the neck as they ought to be, their skirts would be about as short as hers!

ARTESIAN WELL EXHAUSTION.—Capt. John Pope, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, who was sent out by the Government, in charge of the Artesian Well Expedition to the Llano Estacado, on the great plains, returned lately. He succeeded in obtaining water by boring to a depth of 1,400 feet the water, when found, rising to within fifteen feet of the surface. He moreover thinks it practicable to supply the desert locations he has visited, with water enough to sustain all the travel that may pass over them.

JEWISH OFFICERS IN THE FRENCH ARMY.—The Jewish Chronicle says: "The names and ranks of one hundred and forty Jewish officers, now serving in the French army in Italy, have been published. This is an extraordinary number, yet the catalogue is incomplete, and a supplementary list is promised. As in France promotion depends entirely upon individual merit; we consider this number of officers as a most honorable testimony to Jewish bravery, skill and morality, especially when it is borne in mind that the whole Jewish population of France does not exceed one hundred thousand souls. Those soldiers are found in all regiments, from the Guards to the baggage trains."

In making excavations for a foundation on the site of an old building, in Warren township, Indiana, built about eleven years ago, and lately demolished, the workmen came across the remains of two human skeletons, which had the appearance of having been buried in a doubled up position. The building was at one time inhabited by Mormons, and it is the general opinion that the deceased had been murdered while these parties occupied it.—[Exchange.]

VIOLENCE AND OTHER EVILS.—It must be obvious to every reflecting observer of the progress of the times that deeds of blood and violence have been steadily on the increase in this country for some years past. There is less security for person and property. Female innocence walks abroad at a vastly greater risk. Crimes which once were regarded as altogether imaginary in this age—just as the Roman law prescribed no punishment for parricide, considering it an impossibility—are now of frequent occurrence. "Lynch law" has become in some sections, an established institution. Atrocities, the relation of which would once have excited a thrill of horror, are now lightly spoken of and dismissed with a joke. We talk much of "progress," and it is to be feared that there is too much progress in this direction.—[Alabama Planter.]